THE PACIFIC

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens thro' the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

All round about our feet shall shine
A Light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that Sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

—James Russell Lowell.

THE PACIFIC

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THE JAPANESE QUESTION.

Secretary Metcalf's report on the Japanese school question in San Francisco will give to all who read it a correct idea of the situation. The San Francisco Examiner says in headlines, "Metcalf sides with the Japanese." This is not an accurate estimate of his report. He sides with the Japanese only in part.

We do not see how any one can read the presentation of the case, as it has ben made by President Rosevelt in his special message to congress, which was made up largely of Secretary Metcalf's report, and not conclude with the Secretary and the President that the school matter can be readily settled by a single rule limiting the ages of all children attending the primary grades. This would not be discriminating against the Japanese.

We regret that some of the San Francisco papers have given this special message of the President only in part. No matter what the reasons of the Chronicle for giving it only in part it cannot escape the suspicion that it took this course in order that it might not weaken in the minds of its readers its position of hostility to the Japanese.

The Chronicle says: "Secretary Metcalf details a number of assaults on Japanese by boys and men, most of which were of little importance, but they fill several pages of his report."

People who have read the details in other papers think that they are of considerable importance. There have been hundreds of these assaults, and the evidence is that they were the most frequent and the worst after such papers as the Chronicle had been especially abusive of the Japanese. We mention only one account, that of a Japanese merchant: "On Page street, between Steiner and Pierce streets, as I was delivering goods to my customers, two young men, about 17 or 18 years of age knocked the merchandise out of my hands and slapped my face."

That was a wicked regulation which made it necassary for a member of an electrical firm to say to a Japanese that he was a member of a Japanese and Korean Exclusion League and could not do work in a Japanese establishment, that he would be fined $50 for so doing. There is no manhood in such a rule as that—neither Christian nor pagan manhood.

We are not surprised that the Japanese, in view of all the ill treatment accorded them for some time in San Francisco, took the stand which they did take on the school question; nor do we blame them for their determination to have the question passed on by the courts. This is right, and President Roosevelt is right in giving them encouragement and assistance to that end.

It is beyond intelligent question that this rule for the establishment of separate schools for the Orientals had its origin in the spirit of race antagonism. Some have favored it who are not animated by this spirit; but the origin was in that nevertheless. The chairman of the Japanese Exclusion League says that "America has been selected as the white man's country," and he advocates such treatment of all Orientals as is plainly contrary to the spirit of brotherhood. We do not wish to see this country over-run by Orientals; but we do not believe that the Christian people of the coast can rightly countenance the course some of the labor unions and the exclusion leagues have mapped out against them. It isn't Christian.

We wish that this school question could be decided as President Roosevelt wishes—by an arrangement that will keep adults out of the lower grades and allow the Japanese just such privileges as are accorded our own children. But it looks as if it would have to take the course of the courts.

It is a time when it behooves Christian people to be thoughtful and careful and prayerful. A few days ago a gang of Japanese laborers on the Western Pacific railroad put up a Japanese flag along where they were at work, and a gang of Americans tore it down and trampled it in the mud. The Japanese workmen looked on quietly. But the Japanese nation will not stand such acts as this very long.

PETITIONS FOR A REVISION OF THE CHINESE EXCLUSION LAWS.

At the last meeting of the Southern California Association of Congregational Churches a committee to be known as "The Committee on Fair Treatment for the Asiatics in this Country," was appointed. That committee, which consisted of the Rev. Frank S. Forbes and Judge Curtis D. Wilbur of Los Angeles, Mr. George W. Marston of San Diego and the Rev. Chester P. Dorland of Long Beach, is now directing the circulation of petitions asking for such changes in the exclusion laws and in their enforcement as will make them more in accord with humane and Christian principles. Already these petitions have been placed in the hands of the pastors of the churches of the different denominations of Southern California and have met with no opposition worthy of mention. We believe they ought to receive and will receive the signatures of every fair minded person to whom they are presented.

Among the things asked is this: "That the exclusion laws be so changed that any Chinese subject who is lawfully in the United States, and whose intention is to remain here, shall be permitted to bring his wife and minor children here; or, if unmarried, he shall be permitted to visit China for the purpose of marrying, and may return to the United States with his wife."

This nation must change the laws which now make this impossible or God will smite us sorely some time for our sin.

Another petition is: "That the methods of examination at the port of entry be so changed that those Chinese subjects who are legally entitled to enter the United States may do so with less hardship and delay."

This is important also. Recall the trouble and vexatious delay the two Chinese students, brought over

by Miss Miner of the American Board about three years ago, had. They were nearly a year, after they landed here, in getting to Oberlin. And now while there they cannot be permitted to sweep a room or wait on a table to make a little money with which to help pay their expenses. If they were to do this they would be classed as coolie laborers and would be deported. Oh, the shame of it! Christian? No, it is heathenish!

It is to be hoped that this Southern committee will send these petitions to the pastors of the churches of all denominations on the coast, and that the Christian people will let the congressmen know what they think on the question of exclusion.

Of course the howl will go up that this is an attempt to throw down the bars and let the country be flooded with coolie laborers. And of course every thoughtful and fair mind will know that it isn't this at all. Let the howl go up. Dogs often howl at night when there is no one around to molest.

THE VALUE OF THE CHURCH PAPER.

The Rev. William Rader of San Francisco said not long ago that he read The Pacific more thoroughly than any other paper that went into his home. In its issue of May the 12th The Congregationalist said: "We trust that the plans for the new Congregationalism on the coast will include the continuance of The Pacific which has ministered so helpfully to coast interests." There lies before us as we write a postal card from Superintendent Maile of the Southern California Home Missionary Society which reads: "I want to congratulate you on the most excellent paper you are making week by week. May you have a constantly opening way." In a letter in which was enclosed a very generous check to aid The Pacific, Miss Loretta Denny of Seattle says: "The Pacific is a most excellent paper and I hope that many people will take a financial interest in it."

A comment here on that remark by Mr. Rader: This did not mean that he thought The Pacific as great a paper as some of the other religious papers, but that, seeking to cover less territory than others, it contained more in which he was interested. That The Pacific has during the fifty-six years of its existence ministered to Pacific coast Congregational interests as no other religious paper has ministered or could minister we believe to be beyond intelligent question. We were not surprised to hear a leading member of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco say a few days ago that the suspension of the paper would be a greater loss than would result from the disbanding of either the First Church of San Francisco or the First of Oakland. We have neither space nor time to elaborate this thought just now, but we believe the correctness of it can be readily substantiated if there should be any doubters. We have been pleased with the interest several pastors have shown in the paper recently by sending in some new subscriptions. Last week one of our Eastern exchanges said that it felt no hesitancy in urging pastors to remember the paper and urge it upon the people as "it is the strongest possible ally and assistant in their great work." These were the words in part: "We well know that they are burdened greatly, but the circulation of the church paper will always prove such a benefit to them in the discharge of their duties and such a blessing to the people that we do not scruple to insist that they urge it upon their members."

We believe that there is just as good reason for asking people to support the religious paper as there is to ask them to contribute to missions. It is for their own interest as well as for the interest of every department of the church work.

If the pastors of our coast churches could find time during the year 1907 to press the strong claims of The Pacific upon their people we believe that hundreds of new subscribers could be secured and the paper be placed where it could do a better work than it has been doing.

The churches cannot afford to let the growing indifference to all kinds of religious reading go on without an attempt to check it.

The Standard, the leading Baptist paper of this country, says: "The thoughtless Christian man says the day of the denominational paper has passed. The careless Christian man says the denominational paper does not interest him. The stingy Christian says it is continually begging. The publisher of the denominational paper says it is difficult to make newspaper bricks without the straw of cooperation. The denominational paper is possibly another denominational problem. But the thoughtful, careful, generous Christian man will subscribe for and read a good denominational paper if the matter is brought to his attention. Some of the thoughtless, careless and stingy people can be induced by tactful persuasion to subscribe and read the denominational paper. The rub of the whole matter, then, is primarily in presenting the claims of the denominational paper."

We would lay no additional burden on our busy pastors; but what we say here may lead some to try to find time and opportunity for a strong word for The Pacific, repeatedly during the coming year.

FROM ROMAN CATHOLICISM TO CONGREGATIONALISM.

At the meeting of the Bay Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers in Oakland last week the Rev. J. A. Cull who had been for several years in the Roman Catholic priesthood was admitted to membership. Mr. and Mrs. Cull united recently with the First Congregational Church of Oakland, having given unquestioned evidence of fine Christian character. Several years ago Mr. Cull married a young lady who was separated from him after a time and whom he long believed to be dead. So believing, he entered the priesthood of the Catholic church. When later, he learned that she to whom he had been united was living and ready to journey along the path of life with him, he could of course remain no longer in the priesthood. His marriage vows he believed, and so the church authorities declared, were first. On the advice of those in authority he retired from the priesthood, they supposing it would be to a position as a Catholic layman. But the desire to preach the gospel remained with him, and now he has recognition as a Congregational minister. Mr. Cull was connected with the work of the church of St. Francis de' Sales in Oakland, and his history is well known and his character vouched for by Father McSweeney and others. He and his wife received hearty welcome at the Association meeting. The Pacific extends welcome. We like very much one of his first acts. He sought out the editor a few days after his admittance to Congre-

gational standing and subscribed for the paper. Mr. Cull means business. He wants to keep informed, and grow into a thoroughly useful minister of the gospel of the Congregational order. May his kind increase!

PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The San Francisco Chronicle says that its "Lucky Pieces" are the talk of the town. They draw prizes ranging from one dollar to fifty dollars. People do not pay anything for the numbers; but they foster the gambling spirit, and thoughtful people who know what that implies, and who seek only the welfare of mankind, will have nothing to do with them. It is astonishing to what expedients newspapers resort nowadays to build up their circulation.

The San Francisco Chronicle seems to have on its staff persons who are determined to denounce the Japanese whether right or wrong. In reporting the affair between some boys in Berkeley and two Japanese fruit sellers, the headlines in the Chronicle were "Two Japanese are Trounced. Berkeley Citizens Revenge an Attack Made on Small Boys." Of course persons reading the foregoing would conclude that the Japanese were blameable, whereas the boys were stealing their fruit, and they catching one of them in the act were holding him till an officer of the law could be summoned. Then a companion of the boy rushed up and there was a hand to hand fight, the boys getting the worst of it until several citizens pushed in and beat the Japanese off. Aside from the headlines the Chronicle report was not incorrect. Perhaps the headline writer is a Japanese hater, and a person with judgment somewhat warped

The Pacific coast is honored in the work which the Rev. Dr. E. S. Chapman of Los Angeles is doing in the temperance cause. Reporting his address on "The Stainless Flag," at the recent convention of the Ohio Anti-Saloon League, the American Issue says: "The house was crowded. Doctor Chapman is gray haired. He has the air of a minister. He is a trifle bent and his eloquence is astonishing. He is a former Ohio man. He has been in the Temperance Cause for years. He is dramatic in his gestures. He takes his audience into his confidence and leads them on by reasoning that is irresistible. At the close of the address Rev. Howard H. Russell, of New York, arose and announced that he proposed to offer a resolution at the National Convention of the Anti-Saloon League in St Louis, that one Sunday in the year be set aside as the "Stainless Flag Sunday," and that every minister of the gospel in the country be asked to observe it in an appropriate way. Doctor Chapman's address will hereafter be published in full, and steps taken to put it into general circulation."

We give in a note elsewhere some of the beautiful things the Rev. Dr. Quayle says about the mountains. But all who live by the sea as well as in sight of the mountains would take delight also in what he says about the sea, if they could read it in his book, "The Prairie and the Sea." We can quote only the closing paragraph in his article: "The great, affable, outrageous, laughing, heartless, surly, captivating, hilarious, tempestuous, tyrannical, brutal, unreasonable, baffling, servicable, health-bringing, death-dealing sea is all about us. Shall I ever tell how much I love it, or be weary of its wonders or forgetful of its mystery and majesty! I am one of those who hope for high seas on the north shores of heaven, by whose margin I may sit on quiet evenings while the angels sing, and listen to sea voices while the tender undertone of the amazing ocean shall make a melody untouched with tears or any memory of death in its solemn music." On the pages of this book from which we quote we find these verses by Arthur Ketchum:

"Winnow me through with thy keen, clean breath
Wind with the tang of the sea!
Speed through the gates of the day
Find me and fold me; have thy way
And take thy will of me!

"Bring me word of the moving ships,
Halyards and straining spars;
Come to me clean from the sea's wide breast,
While the last lights die in the yellow west,
Under the first white stars!

"Batter the closed doors of my heart,
And set my spirit free!
For I stifle here in this crowded place,
Sick for the tenantless fields of space,
Wind with the tang of the sea!"

The Rev. Dr. Quayle of Chicago says in his book, "The Prairie and the Sea," concerning Mount Ranier, that compared with that mountain "the immortal Sphinx is but a child in years." "How little have the wide-open Sphinx's eyes seen to compare with what those unblinking mountain eyes have looked upon! Centuries, tribes, conditions,—all have come and passed like a flitting cloud; but the white wonder of that sole peak thrusting out from the margin of the widest sea, changes not. Europe has nothing so bold, beautiful, bleak, tremendous as this one height, where winters never fold their tents, nor any summer cloud wanders, nor any song of brook or bird disturbs the polar calm of the far solitudes. Those who are thought to know affirm that about this one mountain's loins are bound glaciers which outbulk the combined glaciers of the Alps. Be that as it may, its majesty sinks into the soul so that, once seen, it can no more be forgotten than a face we love." Writing concerning Lake Tahoe, Dr. Quayle says: "Many a night have I lain on the music-making shore of Tahoe, and watched the shifting glory of the dying lights as the sun set and the day expired. Of what I have seen in varying portions of this beautiful world of ours, I call to mind not anything more impressive. * * By Tahoe to see day pass from morning until dark, to watch the first dimming stars of morning, and watch on to the first kindling stars of dusk, is to be spectator of gorgeous pageants." Evidently Dr. Quayle loves the mountains. Concerning them in general he says: "Lasting is the opportune word to apply to mountains. Those bold Alps which scorned Caesar, stood across the path bold Napoleon took. They cared not for the one Caesar nor the other. Themselves were the only Caesars worth the naming. Julius and Bonaparte are gone. They cannot return; but these grim Alps stay on. They shall stand tall and unbending at a hundred Caesars' funerals. The Helvetians are no more; the Alps stare at the sun and stars now as then. The clank of Roman march and the wild shriek of locomotive leaping through the

cloudy passes are alike inconsequent to those old brown peaks. The nations die; the mountains live. The lasting, the out-lasting hills! Up Mount Moriah Great Heart Abraham climbed with a broken heart; and under Oriental splendor of sky that hoary mountain climbed with its templed top to bid the morning welcome now. The mountains are our patriarchs. The Acropolis is a place of ruins, a hill dedicated to despair; but what it was it is. What Pericles looked upon of stern acclivity, and what musing mighty Eschylus brooded over lasts. That one thing, the Acropolis, would those old doers and dreamers know if they could come Athens way again. The stately Parthenon, that is spent like an exhausted fortune; those clambering marble dawns are wrecked seaships now; but the old stone-cored hill abates nothing of its calm supremacy, and frowns down on Athens now, and will, till Athens dies. Small wonder is it if men have, without schooling, called the mountains eternal. If storms and years cut creases in their sides, we cannot see them. The mountains wrap their silent remoteness around them for a cloak, and never tell of a greater yesterday."

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The London Christian declares that "a terrible indictment of our vaunted western civilization is found in the following utterance recently by a Japanese ambasador: "When we were known only as producers of beautiful works of art, we were reckoned as barbarians; now that we show we know the arts of barbarism we are reckoned civilized."

A writer in The Central Baptist says: "The religious newspaper we may well believe is a strong force for unalloyed good. Its weekly visits to the home are most helpful. How desirable it would be to us all if into each one of our homes there might come each week some clean, noble friend, whose presence would cheer, whose conversation would instruct, and whose ideals would inspire every member of the household. A friend who would advise truly and who would guide well. We may each have a friend in the weekly visit of the religious journal and if such papers were in every home, the great truth that 'as a man thinks, so is he,' and as he reads, so does he think, would vindicate itself in nobler characters and better lives."

The small attendance at Thanksgiving services in some parts of the country has led to the suggestion to try holding the service on the evening of the day before Thanksgiving. This, we believe, was tried some places this year with fair success. It is evident that a large number of people do enjoy more and more a full day at home at the Thanksgiving time. We wonder whether President Roosevelt had this in mind when he said in his Thanksgiving proclamation this year, "I hereby set apart Thursday the 29th day of November next as a day of thanksgiving and supplication on which the people shall meet in their homes or their churches devoutly to acknowledge all that has been given them, and to pray that they may in addition receive the power to use these gifts aright."

The declaration of Bishop Bashford that he had met in China some Chinese who could repeat the entire New Testament has been criticized as an extravagant statement. They who criticize it are ignorant of the fact that just as remarkable feats of memory have been known in the past. For instance, when the great historian, Macaulay, was eight years old, he read Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" once, and repeated it immediately canto by canto. Macaulay once said that if "Paradise Lost" and "Pilgrim's Progress" should vanish from the earth he could give them from memory. It has been said concerning Macaulay: "Once when a young man he picked up a country newspaper in a coffee-room at Cambridge and read two trivial pieces that filled the poet's corner. After forty years he was able to repeat these pieces. He seemed to read through his eyes. The page photographed itself at once on his mind, and the impression remained there. Most of us have to get up the things we can repeat by saying them over and over again to ourselves or to others, but for Macaulay there was no such necessity. The one reading was enough, and it did not seem to matter whether he was interested in the subject or not."

The Rev. Dr. McLaren, the noted Baptist preacher of England, made a remark recently that is well worth quoting: "I see that some of my younger revolutionary brethren have been talking a great deal about the New Testament primitive idea of all the congregations in one city being one church. I am not a revolutionary, but just because I am an old fogy I want to go back to the old original idea of a Christian Church, and that will never be reached until all the congregations of Baptists, at any rate, in our city are as united in heart and sympathy, regarding each other's prosperity and adversity, as their own. We are coming to it. I believe that our experience and the blessedness of looking, not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others, which we are now getting, will teach us all how much we have lost in each congregation because we have been unfaithful to the New Testament idea that if one member suffers all the members suffer with it, and if one member rejoices all the members rejoice with him." We give these words by Dr. McLaren place in our columns because we believe them worth most earnest prayerful consideration. The adoption of this idea by the different denominations would solve the problems of many weak and struggling churches. It is the old New England idea of "One town, one church."

Our Lord has laid it down once for all that there is a vital distinction between the things that are Caesar's and the things that are God's, says The London Christian. "That distinction needs insisting upon today more than ever. There is no uncertainty at the present time concerning the things that are Caesar's; it is the other voice we need to hear, claiming for God the things that are God's . Everywhere the will of the people is consulted. The church, in her social work. too often makes the mistake of appealing first to the people and pleasing the people. Even the Sunday question is to be made a people's question! This is the wrong method, and it must fail. A brilliant temporary success may be obtained by reversing the Divine order, but the ultimate result cannot be other than disastrous. It may be slower work to adopt and to follow the order of Christ, but it achieves success in the Christian sense. The church alone succeeds as she adheres rigidly to her true work of touching the heart and will, and turning it to God. All her other work must be severely sibsidiary to this."

The policy of the Roman Catholic Church is to educate the Catholic youth in Catholic educational institutions. Nevertheless both in the United States and in England more and more every year are Roman Catholic young people being educated in the state universities and other non-Catholic institutions, and it is said that at least 5,000 are now in attendance at our leading colleges and universities. In order to hold their allegiance and also to minister to their social and spiritual needs Catholic halls are being established at the seats of several of these schools. Archbishop Farley has appointed Father Dooley to build such a hall for students at Columbia University. Rev. Charles O'Connor has been appointed to look after Catholic students' interests in the State University of Iowa. Bishop McQuaid is about to erect Catholic headquarters at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y; and at the Universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, California and Ohio similar plans are under way. Similar movements were instituted some time ago at Harvard and Yale. The establishment of these halls may result in keeping the Catholic youth faithful to their mother church, but attendance at these institutions will so broaden them as to bring about reformations in Roman Catholicism wherever their influence may extend. We heard a prominent member of the Church of the Disciples, or "Christians," say not long ago that attendance at Yale took out of him a lot of bigotry.

An interdenominational organization known as The Haystack Centennial Commission was formed recently in New York. It is composed of laymen and has as its object the increasing of interest on the part of men in foreign missions. Twenty-five representative laymen were named as a committee to consult with the secretaries of the foreign missionary societies in the United States and Canada on the following suggestions: 1. To project a campaign of education among laymen to be conducted under the direction of the various boards. 2. To devise a comprehensive plan, looking to the sending of the message of the gospel to the entire non-Christian world during the next twenty-five years. 3. To endeavor to form through the various boards a centennial commission of laymen, fifty or more in number, to visit as early as possible the mission fields and report their findings to the church at home. The chairman of the committee of twenty-five is President Capen of the American Board. Other members are William Jay Schieffelin, Mornay Williams, John S. Huyler, S. W. Browne, Eben E. Olcott and Dr. Lucien C. Warner of New York, George Wharton Pepper of Philadelphia, Ezra H. Stevens of Hartford, Conn., John B. Sleman, Jr., of Washington, Robert H. Gardiner of Boston, Andrew Stevenson and N. W. Harris of Chicago, J. W. Flavelle, of Toronto, W. M. Birks of Montreal, J. Campbell White of Alleghany, Pa., Mayor A. P. Burchfield of Pittsburgh, Charles A. Rowland of Athens, Ga., Joshua Levering of Baltimore and Hanford Crawford of St. Louis. This is but one of the many things indicating that the Christian church is coming to a realization of the fact that foreign missionary enterprise is the biggest enterprise in which it can engage during the first few decades of the 20th century.

On the subject of "The Church and the Closed Shop," Square Deal, a paper established not long ago in the interests of what it calls a square deal between employers and union employes, makes the following suggestions and declaration: "Let the church by all means, seek to bring under her influence the workingman in the closed shop union. No one on earth stands more in need of the influence of the church. But in doing this let the church be true to the teachings of its great head, and insist that the infamous selfishness of modern unionism shall be abjured. Let her clergy go among these men to preach to them repentance for this great sin, its abandonment and the bringing forth of fruits meet for repentance. This having been done as the first and essential work, then let the church go forward in the establishment of such relations with purified unionism as shall give organized labor a career of beneficence among not only the members of unions, but among all other men as well. But let those of the clergy who become 'affiliated' or 'fraternal' members of unions warn their fellow-members that they are not exempted from, but must render implicit obedience to the second of the two great commandments 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, or they cannot hope for the blessing of God upon themselves or their organization. And let the clergy beware of the temptation to condone or ignore the wicked selfishness which seems to be the most powerful as it is the controlling inspiration of modern unionism. Let them not dare to convey the impression that this sin will be overlooked or excused by the God in whose name they bear their commission. Closed shop unionism is a crime against humanity, civilization, the republic, and the Christian religion, and the blessing of the Most High will not, cannot, accompany the attempt to make it appear that the church of the crucified Christ approves of it." Whatever may be the opinions of our readers on the open shop question which is being pressed by the labor unions, all will admit that it will find its solution only in the application and practice of the principles of Jesus. We long for the day when the Man of Nazareth will have greater sway in the hearts and lives of people in every department of industry. It is high time that some way be found to curtail the selfishness and end the tyranny both of capital and labor. A large number of people are in imminent danger of having their lives ground out between these upper and nether millstones.

"The Churchman Afield," of the Boston Transcript, is of opinion that the positive note in preaching is on the increase. He writes: "However differently conservatives and liberals, Catholics and Protestants, Anglicans and Unitarians may frame their faith and beliefs, we seem to have entered upon an era when the importance of having some definite statement of opinions to which the world can be pointed as indicating where a religious body stands, is to be more generally realized. How otherwise can we interpret such careful formulations of their faith as the Roman Catholics have been making recently in Boston in the presence of large congregations, recruited considerably from without the ranks of the church? The series of addresses which Bishop Weller has been giving in this city, marked by an earnest and eloquent expression of the position of his wing of the church, is another indication of this tendency. I notice, too, that Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D., who has occupied for more than twenty years an important London pulpit, has recently sent a letter to his congregation expressing his desire to come to close quarters with the religious

difficulties of the time, and through a series of sermons, to try and remove objections that lie in many minds to the acceptance of the Christian religion. So he asked his people to bring to the services of this winter men and women of this type, whom he will try to meet in the spirit of honest inquiry, and serious reasoning, with the hope of establishing them ultimately on firm foundations. He intends to begin at the most fundamental point, the being of a personal God, and from that subject to pass to a comparison of Christianity with other religions, and thence to a balancing of the claims of Catholicism and Protestantism, and thence to the issue within Protestant circles between Orthodoxy and Unitarianism. Following these themes will be a discussion of the authority of the Bible, the possibility of miracles, the immortality of the soul, the reality and value of prayer, and the relation of Christianity to the pressure of competition and unrighteous social conditions. Quite a stiff course in theology Dr. Horton's people will have if this programme is carried out this winter, but the discourses will be illumined and warmed by deep religious experience as well as constructed with due regard to the conclusions of modern scholarship. Mr. Horton has been a leader of liberal thought in England, but he evidently thinks that it is quite as necessary to establish the mind in certainties as to free it from the trammels of the past."

The Union Signal says: "The attitude of the religious press towards the Boston Convention was especially noteworthy. Papers which had rarely given much space to our gatherings gave columns and pages. The tone of these notices was uniformly that of comradeship and appreciation. Can we estimate the results in the homes where these publications are regarded as both law and gospel?" In honoring the noble women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union by extensive reports of the World's Convention in Boston the papers have brought honor to themselves. It is a grand cause for which these women are working. The convention sermon by Miss Greenwood, the evangelistic superintendent, was on the text, "The Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,"—and her subject was "The Inner Light." Among her words were these: "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was born in a flash of the Inner Light, and here is our hope of permanency and power." In general on this subject Miss Greenwood said: "Our duty is to keep the windows of the soul wide open, so that the light may shine in. This inward light has been embodied; chivalry had its Henry of Navarre and Richard Ceur de Lion; heroism its Gordon; reform its Cromwell and Mazzini; prophecy its Isaiah and Hosea; holiness has its Jesus. Only as we follow the inward light He followed can we even approximate this high standard. The Holy Spirit has been a continuous factor in history. The same Spirit which brooded over creation has ever been present in the world. We boast our advanced civilization, but in the Mosaic legislation, we find much of the best thought of the twentieth century. The Decalogue is the basis of every declaration of the rights of man ever made. What was it in the heart of Israel that set him apart from the surrounding nations, and his laws in advance of our twentieth century? It was this inner light followed; the indwelling spirit of God. Not only Moses at Sinai, but Elijah at Horeb, heard a still small voice. Isaiah saw the Lord; Saul saw the Light near Damascus; John at Patmos; Luther as he ascended the Scala Sancta. Galileo, looking into the heavens, saw that the earth was moving; Sir Isaac Newton, in the falling of an apple, caught a glimpse of an elemental law; James Watt in the rising steam detected one of the deep mysteries of the universe. Morse found that language could pass on common wires; Marconi discovered that the currents of the air might be made to thrill with human speech. Because the spirit still works, marvelous revelations may still be expected in earth, air and sea. It is this spirit which has ever inspired reform and reformers—Stephen and Paul, Finney and Edward and Evan Roberts; Brainard and Judson and Livingstone and Paton. Lady Henry Somerset, walking in her garden, saw as in a flash of light the beauty of a life of service, and was enraptured by that light. Francis E. Willard saw a vision of a world redeemed from alcohol, and that vision grew until the world was girdled by the white ribbon."

A GREAT FOREIGN ENTERPRISE.

The Philadelphia Press sent out to the Orient not long ago Mr. William E. Ellis, an experienced newspaper man, to make a study of missionary work. In an introductory article for The Press, written while en route, Mr. Ellis speaks of the foreign missionary work as the biggest enterprise in which our country is engaged. We quote from that article:

"The biggest single foreign enterprise in which America is engaged is this one of foreign missions. The rest of the world, and especially the Orient, knows the western continent chiefly by its missionaries. Figured in dollars, the business last year cost the American public $5,807,165, paid in by an organigation with approximately 12,000,000 shareholders of all religious denominations—Protestant, Roman Catholics, and Mormons. (The foreign mission work of all countries costs $15,000,000 yearly.) For all this enormous output the tangible returns to America were prectically nothing. True, the missionary helped to create a market for the American packers' products, and for the American locomitives and sundry other forms of merchandise; but the church members, as church members, who put up the money, profited not at all by this.

"Apparently the missionaries themselves—of whom America maintains 3,776 in Japan, China, Korea, the Philippines, Burma, Siam, India, Tibet, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, and the South American countries—do not get rich out of this vast sum. The unmarried college-bred man who goes to the foreign field gets about $700 a year! it may be a hundred more, or, more likely, a hundred dollars less, according to his denomination. A married man generally gets from $1,000 to $1,200, with $100 extra for each child, if he belongs to one of four or five denominations. An unmarried woman gets $500, $600, or even $700 a year, with no prospect of increase. The missionary's stipend is based not on the idea of compensation but of simple support. A mere living is all that is designed to afford the missionary. All who choose this calling, say the boards, must renounce hope of earthly gains.

"Everybody has heard the charge that for every penny which gets to the mission field ninety-nine cents is required to send it. Business men who believe in methods even in religious affairs are the most

frequent critics of the expensiveness of the conduct of the missionary propaganda. I determined to look this matter up, with quite surprising results. Here are the official figures, in all their dryness, of the cost of collection and administration of foreign mission funds last year by leading denominations :United Presbyterian, 4 1-3 per cent; Methodist, North, 5 2-5; Methodist, South, 5 7-10; Baptist, South, 6 1-10; Reformed Church, 8 7-10; American Board, 10 3-5; Protestant Episcopal, 11 1-10; Baptist, North, 11 1-2. On the way to these interesting figures I learned that last year the average American church member gave fifty-four cents to foreign missions, the record being held by the United Presbyterians, with $1.77 per member.

Nothing more extraordinary has come to my knowledge than the grip the missionary cause seems to have taken upon the American institutions of higher learning. The largest and most representative intercollegiate and undergraduate gathering ever held on the western continent, if not in the world, was the Student Volunteer Convention in Nashville last spring, when more than three thousand students, from some four hundred universities, colleges, and academies, met in a remarkable convention. About three thousand of these volunteers have gone to foreign parts since the movement was inaugurated, in 1892.

"As a matter of candor I may say that thus far I am having some difficulty in running down to particulars the countless charges against the missionaries. I hope to have better fortune in foreign lands. As an illustration of my troubles, there is the instance of a fellow-passenger on the transatlantic steamer, the wife of a Philippine official. She had learned the nature of my quest. 'I am glad you are going to get after the missionaries, and I hope you will rip them up the back,' she began breezily. 'We who travel and live out here know that they are a bad lot.' Yet she could not, when urged, become more definite, although long a resident of Manilla and an Episcopalian, she confessed that she had never heard or met Bishop Brent, the brilliant head of the Philippine missions of her church.

"Already I have a dim suspicion that one reason for the antipathy which many travelers have to missionaries is to be found in the latter's attitude toward life aboard ship and in port cities. The missionary is, I infer, often narrow and intolerant and desirous of imposing his standards upon everybody. 'Too many young missionaries,' said a famous veteran missionary to me a few minutes ago, 'think that they must start out by trying to convert the whole ship. They do not try to mingle socially and congenially with their fellow-passengers. They acquire an identity as missionaries rather than as men and women.'

"The same man, himself a resident of Yokohama, is authority for the statement that missionaries in port cities maintain an attitude of aloofness or separation toward other foreigners. They apparently reason that they have come out to work for the natives, and so they cannot give any time to the European community. The result is inevitably a lack of mutual sympathy and understanding, and the creation of a hostile spirit on both sides. A good missionary, I take it, needs to be a good 'mixer;' he must know how to be a man among men, of all kinds; else his usefulness, his reputation, and his calling will suffer."

PIONEER CONGREGATIONALISTS IN CALIFORNIA.

Henry E. Jewett.

The first sermon preached in California by any Home Missionary had for its theme "The Gospel, and the Gospel Only, is our Errand to California." This utterance on Sunday morning, February 26, 1849, reached the few hearers of Samuel H. Willey, just arrived at Monterey, under commission of the American (now the Congregational) Home Missionary Society.

Time proved the sincerity of the preacher. Events confirmed the value of the message. Already the crowded steamers had begun arriving at San Francisco. The overland trail was alive with emigrants from the East, whose faces were turned toward the Golden Gate.

Why this rush of human feet? Why this mad scramble for a passage to the newest territory? All who have heard of California know. All who came thither in those days saw and most of them shared in the excitement which the discovery of gold produced.

Above the turmoil, scarcely heard at the time, a few young men were saying, with the youth at Monterey, "The Gospel, and the Gospel only, is our errand, for we preach Christ and Him crucified."

Willey's steamer companion, going on to San Francisco, found that Timothy Dwight Hunt had reached the city in October, 1848 from Honolulu, had been engaged as chaplain of the town and for four months, without Home Missionary aid, had been preaching the same message that Willey had uttered in Monterey, so John Waldo Douglass passed on to San Jose and there took up the theme—'The Gospel is our errand.'

In the mid summer of '49 Hunt led in the organization of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, and became its pastor.

Joseph A.Benton, coming from Yale Seminary via Cape Horn, had just reached California and hastening on to Sacramento with the same message, 'The Gospel, and the Gospel Only, is our Errand,' gathered a congregation, now under an oak tree, now in a tent and without Home Missionary aid, organized in September the First Congregational Church of Sacramento.

Samuel V.Blakeslee, later identified with the Pacific, arrived in the same year. In 1850 James H.Warren, for forty years to be Registrar of our State Association, and for twenty seven years Superintendent of Home Missions, arrived with his bride. After six months service in San Francisco, they went up into the Sierra and in September 1851 established the Church in Nevada City—the first Congregational Church founded in the State under the fostering care of the American Home Missionary Society.

Space admits of but brief reference to other of our Congregational ministers and laymen,who arrived during the first decade. T. W. Hines, after a weary journey across the plains, having left Iowa with wife and little ones, reached San Francisco in 1850 with his children motherless.

Sympathy with them on the part of Christian women led to efforts which resulted in establishing the Protestant Orphan Asylum of San Francisco. Tyler Thatcher, whose heart was in evangelistic work,was another early comer and devoted worker. In his pastorate at Marysville, in 1852, there was organized the Congregational Association of California, the minister-

ial predecessor of the 'General Association of California',composed of ministers and delegates from the churches.

John E.Benton, brother of Joseph A.,arrived in '52. In 1853 came the ship "Trade Wind",via Cape Horn, bearing, with missionaries of other denominations, J.Gardiner Hale—founder of our church in Grass Valley, and later pastor and teacher in the Southland, and William C.Pond, whose endurance of hardships in a mountain pastorate, was followed by pastorates in Petaluma and San Francisco, but whose crowning work has been in organizing and superintending missions among the Chinese in California. In the same year came Henry Durant, eminent as a teacher, whose Contra Costa Academy in Oakland was the forerunner of the College of California and the State University, with both of which Mr. Durant was identified. It should be borne in mind also, what a large part Samuel H. Willey had in founding, and as acting President, in conducting the College of California, and later, serving as pastor of two of our prominent Congregational churches.

The arrival of Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Conn., one of our most distinguished denominational leaders and preachers, brought great cheer to the little band of Christian workers at this time. His temporary residence here, while renewing lost physical vigor, brought him into deepest sympathy with our church work and educational plans. He joined the California Congregational Association, and his name deserves a place among our pioneers.

The arrivals in 1884 were A. A. Baker, who organized the church in Petaluma, and John Brodt, a subsequent pastor. There came also that prince among men, Edward S. Lacy. After a brief work elsewhere he became pastor of the First Church in San Francisco, where the strength of his intellect, the charm of his manner and the consecration of his heart made his work for Christ and his fellow men beneficent and effective.

In 1855 William L. Jones was added to the pioneer workers, esteeming no hardship too great, no isolation too complete, if only he might carry forward the banner of Jesus Christ. In the same year John S. Zelie entered upon faithful work in the State.

Martin Kellogg and Walter Frear reached California in 1856. Kellogg held Home Missionary pastorates in the mountains, taught Latin in College and University, and for six years held the office of President of the University of California. A modest man, with cultured mind, honoring the Christian name.

Frear, with pastorates in the State and in Honolulu, but whose crowning work, perhaps, has been that calling for executive ability, and sympathy with world-wide missions—the agency of the American Board for the Pacific coast.

In 1858 Joseph Rowell began that marvelous work among the sailors in the port of San Francisco, which God has richly blessed.

Other names to be included in this list are B. D. Henry, Bela D. Seymour and Eli Corwin. All of these, whose names have been mentioned as coming in the fifties, joined the Pilgrim Fathers of California, or were themselves pilgrims, and are among our Christian pioneers. Those who would gather inspiration for the opportunity that still awaits earnest souls on this Western shore, should understand something of their self-sacrifice and of their constructive work; something, too, of our pioneer women, without whose benign influence and cooperation much that their husbands accomplished would have been in vain; something, as well, of our pioneer laymen, such as S. A. Chapin, W. N. Hawley, L. B. Benchley, Dr. Samuel Adams, Dr. J. W. Clark, Ira P. Rankin, Stephen S. Smith, C. G. Snow, W. W. Chase and others in San Francisco; A. C. Sweetser and Samuel Cross in Sacramento; E. P. Flint and George H. Kellogg and James L. Barker, in cities around the Bay; A. B. Case in Petaluma, and James M. Haven in Downieville and Oakland and the State at large. To some of these, with the early pastors, we owe the establishment of our religious paper, The Pacific, and its survival through the stress and strain of adverse years. They had their part also in the founding of the College and the Theological Seminary. All honor to the pioneer laymen, named and unnamed, in our California churches.

In the list of names given above there are some like Willey and Durant and Lacy, Jones, and Frear and Corwin, who led in the upbuilding of two denominations. The division fence between New School Presbyterians and Congregationalists was very low—and was over-leaped now from one side, now from the other. Asosciation and Synod met by day apart from each other, and came together at evening in public service. Our pioneer fathers did not surrender their own, but they worked side by side with others for the advancement of Christianity in the new commonwealth, and made it manifest to all that they sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

There are still California pioneers aside from the few whose "hoary head is a crown of glory because found in the way of righteousness," There are pioneers yet young in years, men who might have easier, softer places than those they are in, but who have gone—some of them—into the mountains, despite the isolation; some into the distant valleys ahead of the trolley; into the newest town where some great corporation has erected a mill or established a factory. These pioneers of our generation have hardships that those of the "fifties" had not to contend with. Then, Monterey, San Francisco, Sacramento and Nevada County saw nothing better than their own environment. Their homesickness came when they thought of Boston, of New York, of Yale. Today the contrast is between Modoc County and Sacramento, betwen the isolation of Humboldt bay and fellowship on the bay of San Francisco, between North Beach and Post Street, between San Francisco amid her desolation and the city of her Easter glory before the earthquake and the fire.

If the pioneer spirit were leaving our churches and pastors with the passing of those whose deeds glorify the decade following 1849, small hope would there be for the further advance of Christ's kingdom in this great State—vain would be the appeal in this practical age for help to found or to sustain in needy places the churches of our Lord, but the pioneer spirit still exists. The noble men, and with them their heroic wives, who wrought in the early days, planting churches, founding schools, publishing a religious paper, and exalting honest and pure and loyal citizenship, have established standards of Christian sacrifice and enthusiasm that it shames succeeding generations not to perpetuate, "The Gospel and the Gospel only, is our errand." This was the angelic song that rang out upon the air on Monterey Bay in 1849. San Francisco and Sacramento caught the spirit of the message.

The Sierra echoed it, and amid the jargon of selfish, sinful, worldly voices, coarse and strident, men listened and were won, and he who first uttered the words has lived to see California, despite her materialism and graft a Christian State. And yet, what leagues of land remain to be occupied! What hindrances beset the Christian pioneers of the twentieth century! On the other hand, what opportunities of Christian service remain! United and enthusiastic in the support of our California Home Missionary Society we may enter into full partnership with our pioneers, "who having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us that they **without us** should not be made perfect."

A SOUTHERNER IN THE NORTH.

W. N. Burr.

One who comes up from the Southland into "the north countree" at this time of the year, realizes that California **is** two states, whether the geographies say so or not. One of these is certainly a state of southernness, and the other just as distinctively a state of northernness.

Which do I like the better? O, don't ask me! "Home is where the heart is," some man has said—or perhaps it was some woman who said it. And one's heart does not always travel around with his body. O, pepper-trees, and orange-groves, and folks of the Southland, my soul longs after you just at this minute! But then I know **you**; and these naked trees, and old-fashioned white houses, and these northern folks are strangers. No doubt they have their own distinctive excellencies which time would reveal. But I wonder if a heart that has grown tender under Southern skies could ever loosen its hold on the newer things of the South, and grip as tenaciously the older and sterner conditions of the North?

Now, heart, lie down and keep quiet . There are times when a child like you should neither be seen nor heard. Go to sleep, while we hard-headed people of affairs go about our business.

Yesterday I went to church up here in the North, in a town of 4,000 people, a county-seat, and a well-to-do community. The Congregational church was organized in that town in 1870, so it will be thirty-seven years old next June. It owns a good church building, in excellent repair, and comfortably furnished. The auditorium is seated with good, though rather old-fashioned pews; the organ is a small pipe-organ; there is also a good piano; a furnace heats the building evenly and pleasantly; electric lights respond to the touch of the button; the carpet is a neat pattern, and the lecture-room, kitchen, and pastor's study are furnished with about all that is necessary for comfort and convenience. It is a better church building than I have ever worked in, in any of my five pastorates. All that one misses is **people** and **something doing.** There are **some** people, and they are loyal, true-hearted Congregationalists, bent on doing what they can. But they have no Sunday-school, no prayer-meeting, no young people's work, no missionary society—just two preaching services on Sunday (conducted by a supply minister), and a Ladies' Aid Society. At the morning service yesterday thirty-five people were present, in a room that is seated for two hundred and twenty-five; and the evening audience numbered twenty-nine.

Now, what is the matter with this church? It is all right, what there is left of it. Some months ago a part of the church became strangely infected with a disease called Unitarianism, and they withdrew, and left just the church building and a few loyal Congregationalists behind them. For some time, I think for nearly a year, no services were held by the faithful ones who "stayed by the stuff," for they had no pastor, and did not see how they could have one. In October, however, they determined to take hold again, backed by promises of aid from the Home Missionary Society. They are a brave, hopeful people, but most of them are older than they once were, and are not physically able to take up the responsibilities of church and Sunday-school work as they would like to do. There are almost no young people in the church families, and not many children.

But there is a wide field of ungathered souls in which to work. There are other churches in the place, but most of them are not so strong today as they once were. The "Christian" church leads in numbers; the Methodist church is weaker than it was some years ago; the Baptist church is weak and just now without a pastor, and there is no Presbyterian church. Our Congregational work in its present condition is rather attractive. The church has had a thorough weeding, so there are no tares to worry a pastor out of his sleep at night. He can just roll up his sleeves, and go to work, and the people will not only "stand by him," but will take hold and help him, according to their strength and ability; for they are determined to have a church of their own if it is possible for them to have one.

Woodland, Cal., Dec. 17, 1906.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By Sarah F. Sanborn.

I.

When Jesus was a baby boy,
  And in His cradle lay,
His mother felt exceeding joy,
  In Bethlehem far away.

Chorus

O Bethlehem! O Bethlehem!
  O Bethlehem far away,
The stars shone bright
That glorious night,
  O'er Bethlehem far away!

II.

The angel-choir from Heaven looked down
  On Jesus as He lay,
They smiled and sang the sweetest song
  In Bethlehem far away.

III.

The soft breeze wafted to the ear
  Of shepherds—glad were they—
Those strains of music rich to hear,
  In Bethlehem far away.

IV.

With haste they came to Jesus' shrine,
  To wonder, praise, and pray,
While hovered peace, good-will divine,
  O'er Bethlehem far away.

Among the Churches.

California.

San Francisco, Bethany.—The church hopes to hold services in its auditorium on the 30th.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—During the last year this church has raised for all purposes about $700 more than during any other year in its history.

San Francisco, First.—The church will be delayed a little in getting into its new edifice, on account of the wall of an adjoining building, belonging to the Native Sons, falling and crushing in the roof and doing other damage.

Martinez.—The Rev. H. M. Tenney of the American Board was with the church last Sunday. Although the church was up to "the million dollar line" for foreign missions last year it has exceeded that contribution this year. Mr. Tenney tells of encouraging conditions in all departments of the church work at Martinez. The morning and evening congregations have had considerable increase, as have also the Sunday-school and the Christian Endeavor society. A men's club has been organized and is proving of value and helpfulness in various ways. The Rev. H. E. Banham is pastor at Martinez, having gone there a few months ago from Southern California.

Pomona.—Pilgrim Congregational Church, Pomona has closed the most successful year of its history. The present membership is 525, 71 additions having been made during the year, 49 by letter and 22 on confession. The general expenses were $4,065; benevolences $3,221, or a total of $7,800. The church supports a Spanish missionary and his wife. A new chapel and parsonage for their use has been provided during the year. A preliminary building committee was appointed at the annual meeting, Dec. 12, to make investigations and report one year hence when it is hoped that a new church building will be undertaken.

Escondido.—There were six additions to the church at the last communion. This makes 26 additions during the first year of the present pastorate. A few Sundays since, Superintendent Maile was with us in the interests of Home Missions. The people responded nobly to the appeal and the offering for that work was nearly five times larger than the average for the past six years. The ladies of the Aid Society have ordered one hundred copies of "The Church Hymnary" for the church. A recent bazaar netted this society $75, which will be used to furnish the church building with new lights. The pastor, Rev. G. F. Mathes, Ph. D., is delivering a series of Sunday evening sermons on the "Life of Christianity." These are well received and highly appreciated by all.

Los Angeles, First.—Rev. Warren F. Day, D.D., has completed twelve years of active service, in parish and pulpit, with this church, though bearing a title which usually indicates retirement from pastoral responsibilities. During this period, 1905 persons have been received to fellowship; the enrollment increasing from about four hundred to 1663. At the last communion, for the first time in twenty-six years, at any celebration of the Lord's Supper at which Dr. Day has officiated, was the service seriously affected by the weather. On this occasion, while a considerable of communicants came through the storm, nine of the twenty-six candidates were detained. Recently the salary of the pastor, Dr. Wm. Horace Day, was increased $1,000; that of the pastor emeritus $500.

Washington.

Spokane, Lidgerwood.—Lidgerwood Congregational Church was dedicated recently, the principal sermon being delivered by Rev. W. W. Scudder, Jr., home misisonary superintendent, Rev. John T. Percival, Sunday-school superintendent, making an address on"The Sunday-school in Christian Activities." At the afternoon services Rev. W. J. Hindley spoke on "The Ministry of the neighborhood Church," and Rev. H. Edward Mills talked on "A Dedicated Membership." Revs. F. A. Bown and J. E. Lette conducted the introductory exercises. The congregation was organized Dec. 15, 1905, and has nearly 150 members.

Spokane.—"Resolved, That this club uses every effort in its power to establish neighborhood clubs throughout the city of Spokane, whose object shall be the enforcement of law and order." Back of this resolution, adopted recently by 80 members of Pilgrim Congregational Church is a movement for a new municipal party which will place a ticket in the field next spring. "Clean business administration" will be the platform. Rev. H. Edward Mills, pastor of Plymouth Church, announces that while the churches will not attempt to control the independent party they will work as far as possible toward shaping its destiny for moral improvement. The new party will name a municipal ticket from mayor to candidates for the common council in every ward in Spokane, and, since many prominent business men are identified with the movement, the success of the ticket depends upon the men to be named and the activity of the campaign.

Spokane, Pilgrim.—The Sunday-school of Pilgrim Congregational Church has undertaken the education of a little native girl in Miss Perkins' mission school in India. The Sunday-school now has a membership of 320. Rev. W. J. Hindley, pastor, has just concluded a series of thoughtful sermons, called "Litle Journeys to the Homes of Common People." They covered a period of seven weeks and atracted large congregations. The subjects were: "God Bless Our Home," an appreciative study of home making and home makers. "The Haunted House, or the Misery of Debt," a stuy in domestic finance. "The Kitchen Versus the Parlor," a study in domestic service. "The Burden or Blessing of a Family," a timely message to American Manhood. "The Child and the Rod," a study of American youth. "Critical Decisions in the Life of the Home," some suggestions in the choice of a life work. "Old Age by the Fireside," the mission of the home completed.

OREGON LETTER.

George H. Himes.

A very beautiful and impressive service was recently held in the First Congregational Church of Portland, in connection with the dedication of a beautiful memorial window, which was provided by Mr. Frederick A. Kribs, in memory of his wife. The win-

dow is a very large one, having fine panels in the main auditorium, and the other in the gallery at the top of the window. The picture is one of "Christ taking leave of his mother," by Blackhorst. The second, third, and fourth panels are a group of figures representing "Mary the mother of Jesus," on her way to the tomb of Christ, with the "Angel of the Resurrection" confronting them; the fifth window has "The Acension of Christ," the top window, which is above the fine, has Hoffman's "Jesus at the Well." The whole effort is very pleasing and suggestive. Experts in such work pronounce it a real work of art. It was constructed by a Portland firm which makes a specialty of such work, and it cost about $6,000.

In connection with the memorial service, Dr. House made a brief address, the subject being "Woman's Love."

Rev. E. S. Bollinger, the new pastor at the Highland Church, of this city, is getting hold of his new work in a most effective way, and with his characteristic energy and cheery manner, is certain to do a good work there.

This city is just entering upon an experience similar to that San Francisco has been passing through recently. Yesterday an attempt was made to cause all the forces connected with the Portland street car system to "go out on a strike." It was precipitated upon the car management and people in general almost without warning, an the result was that the car service was so badly crippled that thousands were compelled to walk to their homes last night. As usual, the "walking delegate" is the chief factor in promoting the disturbance. He must needs do something to earn the salary he gets. This individual is a most pestiferous personality. As one fine mechanic told me not long ago, referring to a certain "walking delegate," he "was a loud-mouthed talker, having much to say about the 'rights of man,' but when it came to physical labor he was never in evidence; in fact, he was such a poor workman that he could not hold a job in any well-regulated shop."

As far as can be ascertained, the car men, in general, have no cause for complaint about their treatment by the street railway company, hence it seems as if the final success of the strike is somewhat uncertain, although the striking element had the best of it up to a late hour today.

Portland, Dec. 16, 1906.

DEATH OF CLINTON DOUGLAS.

Rev. Clinton Douglas, pastor of our church at Ceres, died December 8th, after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Douglas was born in Cornwall, Vermont, Aug. 11th 1845. He enlisted in the army in 1861 when a boy of sixteen, and was discharged in 1862 for wounds received in battle. He taught in Tennessee for two years in one of the A. M. A. schools; studied theology with friends, and in 1883 was commissioned by the A. H. M. S. for missionary work in South Dakota, where he labored for seven years, organizing six churches, and erecting five church buildings and three parsonages. He was field secretary for Yankton College for one year; pastor at Rockwell, Iowa, two years, and of Pilgrim Church, Des Moines, seven years, and at Albion, Neb. three years. His last pastorate of three years, has been at Ceres, where he helped to found a colony and organize a church which now has a membership of over sixty.

Mr. Douglas was a man of positive convictions, tireless energy and boundless enthusiasm for the right. He wore himself out in service for others. During his ministry he had recieved over 800 members into the different churches that he served.

Almost at the end he said: "I have made mistakes, and have been misunderstood, but God knows that since I entered the ministry, I have had but one purpose, and that has been to be helpful to others, and to bring in the kingdom of God upon the earth." It was a just estimate of a most unselfish and noble life. He leaves a widow and one daughter, who will make their home, for the present, with an adopted son, in Oakland.

The Home.

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA.

1906.

O blithely comes its Christmas time
To find its gardens all a-glow,
While sister-states in regal prime
Stand decked in ermine robes of snow.

And gaily on Pacific's shore.
Though homes were tossed and fortunes lost,
We'll burn the Yule-log as of yore,
And Christmas keep, nor count the cost.

In clime like this, one blessed morn,
In Palestine, there shone a light
From infant eyes—The Christ was born!
And powers of darkness put to flight.

Oh shining, gorgeous Christmas Day!
Fragrance like incense in the air,
The heart throbs full with love and praise,
Oh God, we thank Thee! is our prayer.

—Sarah F. Sanborn.

"Hillview."

YOUR READING AND YOUR RELIGION.

In an excellent editorial on "Books and Conscience" the Western Christian Advocate says:

Sometimes it occurs to us that too few Christian people associate in their minds their reading and their religion. We once knew one worthy Sunday-school Superintendent—he kept his post almost for life—who constantly admonished his young people that they must make the cultivation of their minds a definite part of their religious purpose in life. His conviction was that, where it could be helped, piety and ignorance ought never to coexist. We believe that a pastor can do no service much more valuable for his people—whether the heads of families or the boys and girls—than to recommend in prayer-meeting, or incidentally in the sermon, or while making pastoral calls, some uplifting and informing book which he himself has read or of which he knows. Our people must be made to feel that a prime duty that they owe to Christ is to keep their minds in touch with the best thought of the day in order that they may be intelligent, broad-minded, capable of reasoning and judging, and making themselves potential in the community, besides having the joy and satisfaction which culture always imparts.

It is a sad reflection which comes to us when we see so many homes where there is scarcely any reading matter of permanent value. Evidently a large proportion, even of Christian families, content themselves with daily or weekly newspapers or the cheaper magazines, and, in some cases, they are minus even these. There is not a book receptacle—shelf, rack, or case—in the house. If ever a book is read it is some novel of the day, drawn from the public library. How any believer, with a proper sense of his obligations to God in cultivating the immortal mind given him in trust, and, as well as the soul—if one can separate them—to be strengthened and illuminated for eternity, can practice such neglect, passes comprehension.

We do not wish to become impracticables and expect the impossible and improbable. We are perfectly aware that there are a good many of the best people in the land who could not get interested in Plato's Dialogues, Emerson's essays or Browning's poems. Many of them prefer fiction or light verse to anything else. All that we plead for is that they should read something, and that what they read should be worth while and elevating. We know a school-girl who has just finished Motley's "Dutch Republic" and is in ecstasies over it. She wonders why everybody has not read it, and how it is possible for folks to spend their precious time over the ephemeral and the trashy. For herself she has kept to the great standard authors for years, and, even before she has entered college, she is almost an authority on classic English literature. We are not saying that all the good books are the old ones. No one can select absolutely "the hundred best books." We ought to have some familiarity with the epoch-making works, but today also there are writers whose very names are guarantees of excellence, and they should be selected from the mass of the incompetent who have nothing to say. Not unfrequently we get to puzzling over certain books—why, in the first place, they were ever written, and how, in the second place, they ever found publishers.

Ought not one to feel that his character is shown by the books he selects? that he is molded by them as he is by living companionships? that he must exercise conscience—we had almost said prayerfulness—when he determines on reading any considerable volume? that it is a species of wrong-doing, over which one ought to feel a pang of guilt, to waste time over a bad or good-for-nothing book when it might be most profitably spent with some author stimulating to intellect and spirit alike? These are serious questions for any Christian to ponder over.

A MORNING PRAYER

O Lord, our God, we would again direct our prayer unto Thee, and look for Thy merciful guidance and protection. For Thy loving care during the past night we praise Thee. We would go forth this day in Thy Name; may Thy presence attend us. Whether at home or abroad, amid business or pleasure, control our thoughts and direct our steps, so that mind and body may unite in doing those things which are pleasing in Thy sight. Keep us, we beseech, from wandering in crooked ways, and for Thy Name's sake lead us in the paths of righteousness and peace. We thank Thee, O Father, for the gift of life, for the joys of home, for the pleasures of friendship, for the powers of body and mind, for opportunities of doing good and making others happy, and for all other blessings of this life. Most of all, we thank Thee for the greatest of gifts. Christ our Redeemer, Master, Friend, Who, amid all the changes and uncertainties of earth, is the same yesterday, and today, and for ever. Amen.

The Quiet Hour.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The Spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.
—Matthew Arnold.

A PRAYER.

Give grace to us, O God, that we may live our lives as Thou dost order them. Give light to us that we may see the pathway Thou hast marked for us. Give faith that we may know it is the way that we should go. May our courage to follow Thine illumination never falter; may our patience to endure Thy wisdom be unfailing, that we may walk with resolute tread where Thou dost lead. Enable us to pass through sorrow and disappointment with brave spirits though with broken hearts; and when the path shall lead into fields we never chose, rough to our feet, unrestful to our eyes, yielding no food to the hunger of our hearts, may we travel on towards the journey's end in the bright cheerfulness of submission to Thy will. Amen.

SOME TIME, SOME DAY.

Have you ever listened through the open window, on a fine summer's day in harvest time, to the music of the reaper cutting grain in the fields around, with the ring of the merry voices of those who are binding the sheaves, and perchance the splash of the river and the song of birds to accompany it? It is God's fair creation in one of its gladdest and most lovely aspects. It speaks of work and progress, and all so full of joy.

But you only hear it from afar, through the open window. You are not helping them—nay, you cannot even see them at work; for you are ill that day and must stay at home. Yet have you no share in the work? Yes, indeed; for you pray God to bless and prosper the harvest, and it is reaped in joy though sown in tears, helped on by your prayers.

This is some picture of the life of the sick and desolate on dark days. All around seems bright and sunny; many are at work in the field of the world; it is the harvest of the Precious Blood they are gathering; they are singing God's praises; but you are not there. The window of your soul is open, and you know by faith what is going on; but you must stay at home and content yourself with prayer that others may work well, for you cannot work with them.

But wait awhile. The harvest home comes some day; and will the Master who mowed it and values it and for whom it is gathered—will he then forget the sufferers who could only pray and offer their pain that all might be well with the crops, but who did so pray and suffer, and whose one desire was that the grain might be got in good condition into the barn and longed to work for the Master as well as they could? No; they will then be rewarded a hundredfold.—From "Bright Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate."

BY THE WATERS OF FORGETFULNESS.

There was once a poor woman whose life had been such a bitter one that she wanted her memory taken away. He to whom she had given the love of her young heart had not fulfilled the promises of his youth; his weaknesses had developed crimes so that he was compelled to flee for his life; and the sons and daughters she had borne and brought up had repaid her care and kindness with neglect and abuse, and at last, one by one, had wandered far from her fireside. So the heart of the poor woman was broken, and she passed a sad and desolate soul, down the dark valley of the shadow of death. She came at last to a dim river, and asked the boatman to take her over.

"This is the river of forgetfulness," said the boatman. "Will you stoop and drink before you cross?"

The woman's face brightened and her voice was full of eager longing. "Yes," she said, "I will drink; I will forget then that my hopes failed."

"You will forget that you ever hoped," replied the boatman.

The woman drew back, then she bent forward once more. "I will forget that I came to hate him so," she said.

"You will forget that you ever loved him," came the response.

The words seemed to stir a far-away memory. There was a long pause. Then the woman leaned forward to drink.

"I will forget that my little ones left my arms. I will forget how I wept for them in the darkness when they did not return at night. I will forget that they lost the right path and wandered away never to return to me."

"Yes," said the boatman, "you will forget that you ever pressed them to your bosom, forget that you ever felt the tiny fingers wandering carelessly over your face. You will forget the visions you saw, the fond hopes you sherished as you used to rock them to sleep at night."

"You may row me across," she said; "I shall not drink of the waters of forgetfulness."

Young People.

MAGGIE'S CHRISTMAS AT GOVERNMENT GULCH.

By Jonathan Edwards.

"Good evening, my little girl," in a pleasant voice, were the words which Maggie Devoe heard as she opened the kitchen door. Had they not been spoken in a mild tone she would have been dreadfully frightened. As it was it startled her considerably, and made her heart go pit pat. "Is your mamma in?" the voice continued, as she slipped back into the house. The words were spoken by a broad-shouldered and thick-bearded man of about forty years. His rubber coat, high boots, corduroy trousers, broad-brimmed hat and bundle of blankets, indicated that he was a prospector of the most respectable type. When Maggie got into the house, she drew a long breath, and then informed her mother that there was a man at the back door. Mrs. Devoe hushed the little one and laid him on the bed, she whispered to Maggie, "How does the man look?" "He's big an rough, but talks nice," was the answer. "He's been hunting gold, I guess. He's a nice talker, but you won't ask him in will you while papa ain't home?" When Mrs. Devoe reached the door she could hardly distinguish the features of the stranger, but his gentlemanly demeanor and subdued voice impressed her favorably, and made her feel at ease in his presence. He informed her that he had been prospecting and managing a mine on the mountain, and was now on his way to Cour-d'Alene city. The deep snow had made it hard walking, and he was afraid that he could not reach the railroad before dark. Would she kindly let him in to lay on the blankets in the kitchen or anywhere? She was in a dilemma as to what to say and do. She hated to refuse a miner a shelter on a cold November night, knowing that the next house was 7 miles away. She also knew that it was not always safe to take in a stranger. But, when it came to her mind that her husband was somewhere on the mountain, and perhaps would be glad to have such a shelter, and that it might be an opportunity to entertain an angel unawares, she was prompted to say, "I haven't much of a house and no accommodations, but I'll do the best I can, and give you a chance to use your blankets somewhere, come in sir." With a hearty, "thank you," he followed her into the house, and was soon seated in the living room as comfortable as circumstances permitted. While Mrs. Devoe was engaged preparing something to eat, Maggie showed herself in the door between the two rooms. She was a bright and pretty girl of six, timid and unaccustomed to strangers. After some coaxing she moved a few feet nearer the stranger and sat on a stool, and before she knew it her little tongue was quite active. "My, my, and your name is Maggie, I have a little Maggie too, for six long months I have been away from her." Maggie opened her mouth and showed her teeth, and smiled, and shrugged her shoulders and said, "have you." In her excitement she ran out to tell her mother, and she whispered loudly, "Ma, that man has a Maggie too." "Well, go back and find all about her," was the reply. Soon she was on the knee of the stranger asking many questions about the other Maggie. After a while he had a chance to ask, "How do you like to live here? Do you have some one to play with? You must have lots of fun on the snow." She answered, "I have a baby brother, but he can't play much 'cause he can't walk." Then she sighed, and lifted her shoulder, and almost rested her head upon it, and said in rather a mournful tone, "I don't like to live here very well, there's no one to play with but baby, an' no school nor Sunday-school and Christmas, an' Santa Claus nor nothin'. Where we use to live Santa Claus came on Christmas to the church, an' we had candy, an' nuts, an' fruit, an' pretty cards, an' lots of nice things." "Hasn't Santa Claus found you here?" ,"O, no, course not, there's no Sunday-school here. Mamma said she didn't think he could find us here." He tried to encourage her that Santa Claus might find her, that he was pretty smart, and she had better send him a letter and let him know where she was. They were fast friends when he left in the morning.

Chapter II.

In a large well furnished room in Germantown, Pa., a father and two girls are having a great frolic. The girls are now hanging around the neck of the father, and again riding on his back around the room until they are tired. While he lies on the lounge, Edith says, "now pa, tell us about your climbing the

mountain, and the wolves and bears and such things." "Look here girls said the father, as he pillowed himself up, "wouldn't you like to have me tell you about a little girl by the name of Maggie that I met?" "O yes papa, tell us quick," was the answer as they prepard themselves to listen. "After I had traveled all day in the snow over a rough trail I came to a log cabin. It was getting dark and I was glad to see it. It would look to you more like a barn than a house. It was divided into two rooms, but both were not as large as this parlor.

As I came to the cabin, a little girl about Maggie's size came to the door, and I was so glad to see her. On hearing my voice she was startled and hurried back into the house. Her mother came out soon, and I begged of them to let me stay all night, that I had blankets, and would be glad to lay down on the floor anywhere, for I was awful tired I can tell you. The good lady was kind enough to let me stay over night, although she was a little afraid of me at first. I slept on a cot in the kitchen using my own blankets, and I never slept better at home.

It was a wild and lonely place, girls, in a narrow canyon called "Government Gulch. There was no wagon road, only a trail, with high mountains on each side. Sometimes bears came around at night and rubbed against the logs of the house. I heard a pack of wolves howling during the night. The house was only about as high as my head inside, and all that covered the logs were gunny sacks. There was no furniture only what they had made, but the fire place seemed very nice to me that night, and all was as clean and orderly as could be, and the lady of the house had been used to better things. During the evening Maggie and I became real friends, and she almost cried when I left. She was so glad to find that I had a little Maggie. I wish you could have seen her running to tell her mother that I had a Maggie too, and about as big as she. I thought of my girls at home, when she told me that she had no one to play with but her baby brother, and no Sunday-school, and didn't expect Santa Claus to find her, and I promised to help him find her."

When the father turned to look into the faces of his daughters, and was about to ask if they were not sorry for the other little Maggie, he saw that it was not necessary, for their eyes flashed with brilliant pearls. He paused, and there was silence for some moments and long breaths drawn. At last the elder girl said, "I can't see why Santa Claus won't find that little girl, papa?" Maggie was using her handkerchief as she said, "neither do I, pa.' "Girls, supposing we try to help him find her," said the father." Both spoke out together earnestly, "Let's do it pa, show us how, won't you?" The answer was, "We will see."

Chapter III.

For some days Edith and Maggie Forrest, of Germantown, were as busy as bees. They were not gathering honey, but something that made others happy . They rummaged the house from garret to cellar. and made great discoveries in the doll and toy line, and other things suitable to a little girl and baby boy. One after another would run to the mother, and ask, Can't I take this, ma?" or "You don't need this, do you?" What a pile and variety had been gathered when the mother said, "I think this will fill the box, girls." As the mother was assorting the goods, she continued, "Is there not something that you think a great deal of, Maggie, that you can spare?" Maggie looked thoughtful for a few moments, and then asked, "Do you mean my last doll, ma?" "Well, what do you think of it? If you did, perhaps Santa Claus would bring you another one just as good." The fine doll was soon packed carefully and placed in the middle of the box. It was all they could do to find room for all the nice things, and when all was ready and the box leaving the house the girls were very happy.

It was week before Christmas before Mr. Devoe came home. In a day or two he went to the store and postoffice seven miles away at Cataldo. With other mail was a postal informing him that there was a box for him at the station. When he saw it he was dumbfounded. His name was plain on it and no charges, so he tied it on his hand-sled and with 50 pounds of groceries added, he pulled it up the mountain a thousand feet above the valley. It was late Christmas eve when Mr. Devoe reached his cabin home a very tired man. When he tumbled the box into the small room, the wife was more than astonished, and said, "What does this mean, Wilbur? It can't be ours." "It's my name plain enough, and I guess I've done the worth of it," was the answer, as he dropped on the chair, drawing long breaths and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. When opened they soon found evidence that it was theirs. When Mrs. Devoe came to the doll she was entirely overcome and could do no more, and it was left undisturbed. Mr. Devoe went out and brought in a tree, it was placed in the corner of the room ladened with pretty things. When Maggie awoke in the morning and looked around, she shouted, "O ma, Santa Claus has been here." As she moved toward the tree she saw the doll in the box and began to dance and clap her hands, saying, "ma, ma, see this big pretty doll." There was a card pinned to it, "Merry Christmas, from Maggie to Maggie." They found a letter too:

"Dear Maggie: I sent to Santa Claus to tell him where you lived, and I asked him not to forget you. He sent me lots of pretty things to send to you and baby, and here they are. With love to you all.

The other Maggie's papa."

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There is great economy in putting the highest possible personal investment in everything we do. Any thoroughness of effort which raises personal power to a higher value is a judicious expenditure of individual effort. Do not be afraid to show thoroughness in whatever you undertake.